No. 10. PRICE SIXPENCE. FEBRUARY 2.

The Last Chronicle of Barset

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas

SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

65. CORNHILL.

E.C

[The right of Translation is reserved.]

NEW WOR

Turkey and the Crimean War. B
Sir Adolphus Slade, K.C.B. Demy 8vo.

Life and Speeches of Lord Plunket.
by Lord Brougham, and a Portrait. Edited by the Hon
Demy 8vo.

A Manual of Marine Insurance. By M
Author of "A Handbook of Average," &c. Demy 8vo.

Sir Charles Wood's Administration of
From 1859 to 1866. By Algernon West, Deputy Director of
lately Private Secretary to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood
the Earl de Grey and Ripon. Demy 8vo.

The Science of Moderation: or, t
Analysis of the Good and the Beautiful.—Formative Ethic
Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

The Clergy and the Pulpit, in their
People. By M. L'Abbé Isidore Mullois, Chaplain to the E
Missionary Apostolic. Translated by George Percy Badger,
of Bombay, Author of "The Nestorians and their Rituals."

The Sporting Rifle and its Project
James Forsyth, Bengal Staff Corps. Second Edition, Re-w
Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Paris Sketch Book. By Mr. T
Thackeray.] New Edition. With Numerous Designs on
Author. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

The Adventures of Philip on his W
World; Showing who Robbed Him, who Helped Him, and who
Thackeray. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

William Hogarth; Painter, Engra
sopher. Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.
With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Conscript. A Tale of the Frenc
From the French of Erckmann Chatrian. New and Cheaper

The Mystery of Pain. A Book fo
Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, C

, 6*s.*

OO;

Days.

THE PRESS.

proves in every respect
he domestic life of the
. . Equally happy is
le began to increase and
d the gazettes. . . .
e reader's mind with the
iptions from the pen of
Emperor when he joined
us rush into Ligny, and
. . . . The account
supposed to come from a
arily confined to what he
lomitable courage shown
plan of defending their

in the air of reality the

y lively idea of the wide-
nch glory. . . . The
lively and characteristic.

lism of these stories are
perior."

ETTE.

Waterloo in the present
eipzig in the former, while
predecessor."

5, CORNHILL.

CONSCRIPT;

of the French War of 1813.

RENCH OF ERCKMANN CHATRIAN.

FROM NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

THE TIMES.

ead a more graphic description than our author gives of of agony through which the Conscripts and their families All this, and much more, is sketched with a few bold harming humour."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

story lies in the Conscript's ludicrous unfitness for slightly lame, and of a weak constitution. He detests ark of military ambition. The Conscript is not gin with, and when his campaign is over he has not but his progress in valour, within these modest limits, is

THE ATHENÆUM.

slation of a story that has had great success in France. much like a real story, and it is told with a quaint ess, which will win the reader's heart. . . . The life in the towns where they were quartered, the hatred s on the eve of exploding, give a life and truth to the be read with intense interest by boys; but, indeed, difficult to find the reader who will not be interested in nch soldier."

THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

ating sketches of love and war. . . . There is an e sketches which makes them read like veritable auto- a very interesting kind. The characters are numerous ntly defined, and agreeable."

ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.

of Defoe, there was probably never written a fiction th as this tale of the great Napoleonic wars. Indeed a fiction, except in the names which are given to the nts will all bear the test of historical comparison, and are perfect types of the good people of the Alsatian nscript is a native. . . . He gives a true and most miseries of war, and his description of the battle of as a model by our military historians."

MITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

By the same Author. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WATERLOO;

A Story of the Hundred Days.

BEING A SEQUEL TO

THE CONSCRIPT.

SELECTION FROM NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

THE MORNING POST.

"It is no mean praise to say that this volume proves in every respect worthy of its predecessor. . . . The scenes in the domestic life of the Conscript are quite dramatic in their delineation. . . . Equally happy is the description of how the inward anxiety of the people began to increase and to show itself in an eagerness to hear news and to read the gazettes. . . . The details of the battle of Ligny are brought before the reader's mind with the same vivid reality which distinguishes all such descriptions from the pen of M. CHATRIAN. The *réveile*, the appearance of the Emperor when he joined the army before the battle, the attack, the impetuous rush into Ligny, and desperate hand-to-hand fighting, are depicted to the life. . . . The account of Waterloo derives its greatest interest from being supposed to come from a French soldier engaged in the battle. It is necessarily confined to what he witnessed himself, but he renders justice to the indomitable courage shown by the English troops in carrying out Wellington's plan of defending their position."

THE GLOBE.

"The narrative is charming in its vivacity, and in the air of reality the author has imparted to his story."

THE GUARDIAN.

"A capital piece of *bourgeois* life. It gives a very lively idea of the wide-spread misery which accompanied the period of French glory. . . . The incidents are brought out clearly, and the dialogue is lively and characteristic. It is a pretty and instructive tale."

THE MORNING STAR.

"The simplicity, the truthfulness, the vivid realism of these stories are beyond all praise. Of their kind nothing could be superior."

THE ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.

"The descriptions of the battles of Ligny and Waterloo in the present volume, are quite as graphically written as that of Leipzig in the former, while the entire work forms a most agreeable sequel to its predecessor."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: COUGHS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: ASTHMA.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: WHICH ARE DAILY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be seen. Sold in Boxes, 1*s.* 1½*d.*; and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 11*s.* each, by

KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.
Sold retail by all Druggists, &c.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL FROM A CLERGYMAN IN ESSEX.

AUGUST 25th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I have derived so much benefit from using your Cough Lozenges, that I write to make you acquainted with the circumstance, and with the view of benefiting some who may be inconvenienced by a winter cough. For many years I have been more or less troubled with a Cough, but during last winter it became so bad that I could scarcely read aloud. Having taken other remedies, some of them very nauseous, among them Cough no More, without obtaining relief, I tried your Lozenges, which are very palatable, and was agreeably surprised at the result of the trial. You are at liberty to make use of this communication.—I remain, faithfully yours, E. L. D.

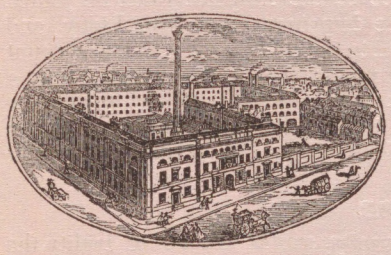
AS YOU LIKE IT. Polka élégante, for the pianoforte. By ADAM WRIGHT. Finely illustrated. Free by post for 19 stamps.

TO HEADS of SCHOOLS.—Parcels of MUSIC sent for selection, on receipt of references, by ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington Street, W., publishers to the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. Returns to be made at the expiration of six months.

BY ROYAL COMMAND

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN.

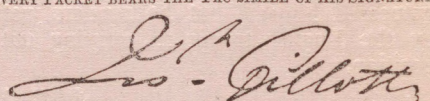
JOSEPH GILLOTT



VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

Respectfully directs the attention of the Commercial Public, and of all who use Steel Pens, to the incomparable excellence of his productions, which for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

EVERY PACKET BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE OF HIS SIGNATURE



They can be obtained, retail, of every dealer in the world; wholesale at the Works, Graham Street, Birmingham; and at the Branch Establishments, 91, John Street, New York; and 37, Gracechurch Street, London.

EXCELLENT SHERRY, 21*s.* per dozen, clean, nutty, and dry, imported direct from Xeres, by JOHN RICHARD WAGE and Co., Wine Merchants, &c., 45 and 46, Baker Street, Portman Square, W. Forwarded carriage free on the receipt of a post-office order or reference.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

In two Volumes, each containing six full page illustrations in oil colours, and numerous woodcuts, post 8vo., handsomely bound in cloth gilt, price 3*s.* 6*d.* each; with gilt edges, 4*s.* each,

THE JUVENILE GIFT-BOOK;

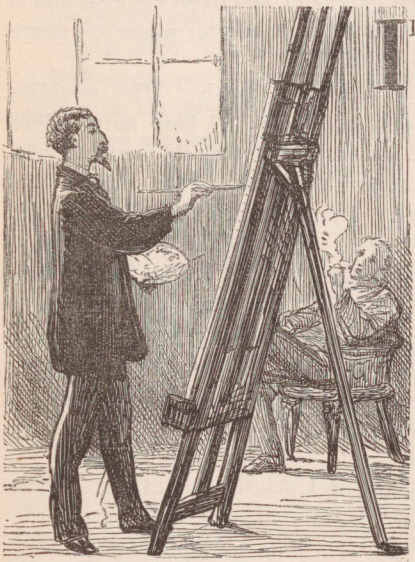
Or, the Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

"What do you think of it, Mrs. Broughton?"

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS MADALINA DEMOLINES.



"I DON'T think you care two straws about her," Conway Dalrymple said to his friend John Eames, two days after the dinner-party at Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's. The painter was at work in his studio, and the private secretary from the Income-tax Office, who was no doubt engaged on some special mission to the West End on the part of Sir Raffle Buffle, was sitting in a lounging-chair and smoking a cigar.

"Because I don't go about with my stockings cross-gartered, and do that kind of business?"

"Well, yes; because you don't do that kind of business, more or less."

"It isn't in my line, my dear fellow. I know what you mean, very well. I daresay, artistically speaking,—"

"Don't be an ass, Johnny."

"Well then, poetically, or romantically, if you like that better,—I daresay that poetically or romantically I am deficient. I eat my dinner very well, and I don't suppose I ought to do that; and, if you'll believe me, I find myself laughing sometimes."

"I never knew a man who laughed so much. You're always laughing."

"And that, you think, is a bad sign?"

"I don't believe you really care about her. I think you are aware that you have got a love-affair on hand, and that you hang on to it rather persistently, having in some way come to a resolution that you would be persistent. But there isn't much heart in it. I daresay there was once."

"And that is your opinion?"

"You are just like some of those men who for years past have been going to write a book on some new subject. The intention has been sincere at first, and it never altogether dies away. But the would-be author, though he still talks of his work, knows that it will never be executed, and is very patient under the disappointment. All enthusiasm about the thing is gone, but he is still known as the man who is going to do it some day. You are the man who means to marry Miss Dale in five, ten, or twenty years' time."

"Now, Conway, all that is thoroughly unfair. The would-be author talks of his would-be book to everybody. I have never talked of Miss Dale to any one but you, and one or two very old family friends. And from year to year, and from month to month, I have done all that has been in my power to win her. I don't think I shall ever succeed, and yet I am as determined about it as I was when I first began it,—or rather much more so. If I do not marry Lily, I shall never marry at all, and if anybody were to tell me to-morrow that she had made up her mind to have me, I should well nigh go mad for joy. But I am not going to give up all my life for love. Indeed the less I can bring myself to give up for it, the better I shall think of myself. Now I'll go away and call on old lady Demolines.

"And flirt with her daughter."

"Yes;—flirt with her daughter, if I get the opportunity. Why shouldn't I flirt with her daughter?"

"Why not, if you like it?"

"I don't like it,—not particularly, that is; because the young lady is not very pretty, nor yet very graceful, nor yet very wise."

"She is pretty after a fashion," said the artist, "and if not wise, she is at any rate clever."

"Nevertheless, I do not like her," said John Eames.

"Then why do you go there?"

"One has to be civil to people though they are neither pretty nor wise. I don't mean to insinuate that Miss Demolines is particularly bad, or indeed that she is worse than young ladies in general. I only abused her because there was an insinuation in what you said, that I was going to amuse myself with Miss Demolines in the absence of Miss Dale. The one thing has nothing to do with the other thing. Nothing that I shall say to Miss Demolines will at all militate against my loyalty to Lily."

"All right, old fellow;—I didn't mean to put you on your purgation. I want you to look at that sketch. Do you know for whom it is

intended ?" Johnny took up a scrap of paper, and having scrutinized it for a minute or two declared that he had not the slightest idea who was represented. "You know the subject,—the story that is intended to be told ?" said Dalrymple.

"Upon my word I don't. There's some old fellow seems to be catching it over the head; but it's all so confused I can't make much of it. The woman seems to be uncommon angry."

"Do you ever read your Bible ?"

"Ah, dear ! not as often as I ought to do. Ah, I see ; it's Sisera. I never could quite believe that story. Jael might have killed Captain Sisera in his sleep,—for which, by-the-by, she ought to have been hung, and she might possibly have done it with a hammer and a nail. But she could not have driven it through, and staked him to the ground."

"I've warrant enough for putting it into a picture, at any rate. My Jael there is intended for Miss Van Siever."

"Miss Van Siever ! Well, it is like her. Has she sat for it ?"

"O dear, no; not yet. I mean to get her to do so. There's a strength about her, which would make her sit the part admirably. And I fancy she would like to be driving a nail into a fellow's head. I think I shall take Musselboro for a Sisera."

"You're not in earnest ?"

"He would just do for it. But of course I shan't ask him to sit, as my Jael would not like it. She would not consent to operate on so base a subject. So you really are going down to Guestwick ?"

"Yes ; I start to-morrow. Good-by, old fellow. I'll come and sit for Sisera if you'll let me ;—only Miss Van Jael shall have a blunted nail, if you please."

Then Johnny left the artist's room and walked across from Kensington to Lady Demolines' house. As he went he partly accused himself, and partly excused himself in that matter of his love for Lily Dale. There were moments of his life in which he felt that he would willingly die for her,—that life was not worth having without her,—in which he went about inwardly reproaching fortune for having treated him so cruelly. Why should she not be his ? He half believed that she loved him. She had almost told him so. She could not surely still love that other man who had treated her with such vile falsehood ? As he considered the question in all its bearings he assured himself over and over again that there would be now no fear of that rival;—and yet he had such fears, and hated Crosbie almost as much as ever. It was a thousand pities, certainly, that the man should have been made free

by the death of his wife. But it could hardly be that he should seek Lily again, or that Lily, if so sought, should even listen to him. But yet there he was, free once more,—an odious being, whom Johnny was determined to sacrifice to his vengeance, if cause for such sacrifice should occur. And thus thinking of the real truth of his love, he endeavoured to excuse himself to himself from that charge of vagueness and laxness which his friend Conway Dalrymple had brought against him. And then again he accused himself of the same sin. If he had been positively in earnest, with downright manly earnestness, would he have allowed the thing to drag itself on with a weak uncertain life, as it had done for the last two or three years? Lily Dale had been a dream to him in his boyhood; and he had made a reality of his dream as soon as he had become a man. But before he had been able, as a man, to tell his love to the girl whom he had loved as a child, another man had intervened, and his prize had been taken from him. Then the wretched victor had thrown his treasure away, and he, John Eames, had been content to stoop to pick it up,—was content to do so now. But there was something which he felt to be unmanly in the constant stooping. Dalrymple had told him that he was like a man who is ever writing a book and yet never writes it. He would make another attempt to get his book written,—an attempt into which he would throw all his strength and all his heart. He would do his very best to make Lily his own. But if he failed now, he would have done with it. It seemed to him to be below his dignity as a man to be always coveting a thing which he could not obtain.

Johnny was informed by the boy in buttons, who opened the door for him at Lady Demolines', that the ladies were at home, and he was shown up into the drawing-room. Here he was allowed full ten minutes to explore the knicknacks on the table, and open the photograph book, and examine the furniture, before Miss Demolines made her appearance. When she did come, her hair was tangled more marvellously even than when he saw her at the dinner-party, and her eyes were darker, and her cheeks thinner. "I'm afraid mamma won't be able to come down," said Miss Demolines. "She will be so sorry; but she is not quite well to-day. The wind is in the east, she says, and when she says the wind is in the east she always refuses to be well."

"Then I should tell her it was in the west."

"But it is in the east."

"Ah, there I can't help you, Miss Demolines. I never know which is east, and which west; and if I did, I shouldn't know from which point the wind blew."

"At any rate mamma can't come downstairs, and you must excuse her. What a very nice woman Mrs. Dobbs Broughton is." Johnny acknowledged that Mrs. Dobbs Broughton was charming. "And Mr. Broughton is so good-natured!" Johnny again assented. "I like him of all things," said Miss Demolines. "So do I," said Johnny; —"I never liked anybody so much in my life. I suppose one is bound to say that kind of thing." "Oh, you ill-natured man," said Miss Demolines. "I suppose you think that poor Mr. Broughton is a little —just a little,—you know what I mean."

"Not exactly," said Johnny.

"Yes, you do; you know very well what I mean. And of course he is. How can he help it?"

"Poor fellow,—no. I don't suppose he can help it, or he would; —wouldn't he?"

"Of course Mr. Broughton had not the advantage of birth or much early education. All his friends know that, and make allowance accordingly. When she married him, she was aware of his deficiency, and made up her mind to put up with it."

"It was very kind of her; don't you think so?"

"I knew Maria Clutterbuck for years before she was married. Of course she was very much my senior, but, nevertheless, we were friends. I think I was hardly more than twelve years old when I first began to correspond with Maria. She was then past twenty. So you see, Mr. Eames, I make no secret of my age."

"Why should you?"

"But never mind that. Everybody knows that Maria Clutterbuck was very much admired. Of course I'm not going to tell you or any other gentleman all her history."

"I was in hopes you were."

"Then certainly your hopes will be frustrated, Mr. Eames. But undoubtedly when she told us that she was going to take Dobbs Broughton, we were a little disappointed. Maria Clutterbuck had been used to a better kind of life. You understand what I mean, Mr. Eames?"

"Oh, exactly;—and yet it's not a bad kind of life, either."

"No, no; that is true. It has its attractions. She keeps her carriage, sees a good deal of company, has an excellent house, and goes abroad for six weeks every year. But you know, Mr. Eames, there is, perhaps, a little uncertainty about it."

"Life is always uncertain, Miss Demolines."

"You're quizzing now, I know. But don't you feel now, really, that City money is always very chancy? It comes and goes so quick."

"As regards the going, I think that's the same with all money," said Johnny.

"Not with land, or the funds. Mamma has every shilling laid out in a first-class mortgage on land at four per cent. That does make one feel so secure! The land can't run away."

"But you think poor Broughton's money may?"

"It's all speculation, you know. I don't believe she minds it; I don't, indeed. She lives that kind of fevered life now that she likes excitement. Of course we all know that Mr. Dobbs Broughton is not what we can call an educated gentleman. His manners are against him, and he is very ignorant. Even dear Maria would admit that."

"One would perhaps let that pass without asking her opinion at all."

"She has acknowledged it to me, twenty times. But he is very good-natured, and lets her do pretty nearly anything that she likes. I only hope she won't trespass on his good-nature. I do, indeed."

"You mean, spend too much money?"

"No; I didn't mean that exactly. Of course she ought to be moderate, and I hope she is. To that kind of fevered existence profuse expenditure is perhaps necessary. But I was thinking of something else. I fear she is a little giddy."

"Dear me! I should have thought she was too—too—too—"

"You mean too old for anything of that kind. Maria Broughton must be thirty-three if she's a day."

"That would make you just twenty-five," said Johnny, feeling perfectly sure as he said so that the lady whom he was addressing was at any rate past thirty!

"Never mind my age, Mr. Eames; whether I am twenty-five, or a hundred-and-five, has nothing to do with poor Maria Clutterbuck. But now I'll tell you why I mention all this to you. You must have seen how foolish she is about your friend Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Upon my word, I haven't."

"Nonsense, Mr. Eames; you have. If she were your wife, would you like her to call a man Conway? Of course you would not. I don't mean to say that there's anything in it. I know Maria's principles too well to suspect that. It's merely because she's flighty and fevered."

"That fevered existence accounts for it all," said Johnny.

"No doubt it does," said Miss Demolines, with a nod of her head, which was intended to show that she was willing to give her friend the full benefit of any excuse which could be offered for her. "But don't you think you could do something, Mr. Eames."

"I do something?"

"Yes, you. You and Mr. Dalrymple are such friends! If you were just to point out to him you know——"

"Point out what? Tell him that he oughtn't to be called Conway? Because, after all, I suppose that's the worst of it. If you mean to say that Dalrymple is in love with Mrs. Broughton, you never made a greater mistake in your life."

"Oh, no; not in love. That would be terrible, you know." And Miss Demolines shook her head sadly. "But there may be so much mischief done without anything of that kind! Thoughtlessness, you know, Mr. Eames,—pure thoughtlessness! Think of what I have said, and if you can speak a word to your friend, do. And now I want to ask you something else. I'm so glad you are come, because circumstances have seemed to make it necessary that you and I should know each other. We may be of so much use if we put our heads together." Johnny bowed when he heard this, but made no immediate reply. "Have you heard anything about a certain picture that is being planned?" Johnny did not wish to answer this question, but Miss Demolines paused so long, and looked so earnestly into his face, that he found himself forced to say something.

"What picture?"

"A certain picture that is—, or, perhaps, that is not to be, painted by Mr. Dalrymple?"

"I hear so much about Dalrymple's pictures! You don't mean the portrait of Lady Glencorn Palliser? That is nearly finished, and will be in the Exhibition this year."

"I don't mean that at all. I mean a picture that has not yet been begun."

"A portrait, I suppose?"

"As to that I cannot quite say. It is at any rate to be a likeness. I am sure you have heard of it. Come, Mr. Eames; it would be better that we should be candid with each other. You remember Miss Van Siever, of course?"

"I remember that she dined at the Broughtons'."

"And you have heard of Jael, I suppose, and Sisera?"

"Yes; in a general way,—in the Bible."

"And now will you tell me whether you have not heard the names of Jael and Miss Van Siever coupled together? I see you know all about it."

"I have heard of it, certainly."

"Of course you have. So have I, as you perceive. Now, Mr. Eames,"—and Miss Demolines' voice became tremulously eager as she

addressed him,—"it is your duty, and it is my duty, to take care that that picture shall never be painted."

"But why should it not be painted?"

"You don't know Miss Van Siever, yet."

"Not in the least."

"Nor Mrs. Van Siever."

"I never spoke a word to her."

"I do. I know them both,—well." There was something almost grandly tragic in Miss Demolines' voice as she thus spoke. "Yes, Mr. Eames, I know them well. If that scheme be continued, it will work terrible mischief. You and I must prevent it."

"But I don't see what harm it will do."

"Think of Conway Dalrymple passing so many hours in Maria's sitting-room upstairs! The picture is to be painted there, you know."

"But Miss Van Siever will be present. Won't that make it all right? What is there wrong about Miss Van Siever?"

"I won't deny that Clara Van Siever has a certain beauty of her own. To me she is certainly the most unattractive woman that I ever came near. She is simply repulsive!" Hereupon Miss Demolines held up her hand as though she were banishing Miss Van Siever for ever from her sight, and shuddered slightly. "Men think her handsome, and she is handsome. But she is false, covetous, malicious, cruel, and dishonest."

"What a fiend in petticoats!"

"You may say that, Mr. Eames. And then her mother! Her mother is not so bad. Her mother is very different. But the mother is an odious woman, too. It was an evil day for Maria Clutterbuck when she first saw either the mother or the daughter. I tell you that in confidence."

"But what can I do?" said Johnny, who began to be startled and almost interested by the eagerness of the woman.

"I'll tell you what you can do. Don't let your friend go to Mr. Broughton's house to paint the picture. If he does do it, there will mischief come of it. Of course you can prevent him."

"I should not think of trying to prevent him unless I knew why."

"She's a nasty proud minx, and it would set her up ever so high,—to think that she was being painted by Mr. Dalrymple! But that isn't the reason. Maria would get into terrible trouble about it, and there would be no end of mischief. I must not tell you more now, and if you do not believe me, I cannot help it. Surely, Mr. Eames, my word may be taken as going for something? And when I ask you to help me

in this, I do expect that you will not refuse me." By this time Miss Demolines was sitting close to him, and had more than once put her hand upon his arm in the energy of her eloquence. Then as he remembered that he had never seen Miss Demolines till the other day, or Miss Van Siever, or even Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, he bethought himself that it was all very droll. Nevertheless he had no objection to Miss Demolines putting her hand upon his arm.

"I never like to interfere in anything that does not seem to be my own business," said Johnny.

"Is not your friend's business your own business? What does friendship mean if it is not so? And when I tell you that it is my business, mine of right, does that go for nothing with you? I thought I might depend upon you, Mr. Eames; I did indeed." Then again she put her hand upon his arm, and as he looked into her eyes he began to think that after all she was good-looking in a certain way. At any rate she had fine eyes, and there was something picturesque about the entanglement of her hair. "Think of it, and then come back and talk to me again," said Miss Demolines.

"But I am going out of town to-morrow."

"For how long?"

"For ten days."

"Nothing can be done during that time. Clara Van Siever is going away in a day, and will not be back for three weeks. I happen to know that; so we have plenty of time for working. It would be very desirable that she should never even hear of it; but that cannot be hoped, as Maria has such a tongue! Couldn't you see Mr. Dalrymple to-night?"

"Well, no; I don't think I could."

"Mind, at least, that you come to me as soon as ever you return."

Before he got out of the house, which he did after a most affectionate farewell, Johnny felt himself compelled to promise that he would come to Miss Demolines again as soon as he got back to town; and as the door was closed behind him by the boy in buttons, he made up his mind that he certainly would call as soon as he returned to London. "It's as good as a play," he said to himself. Not that he cared in the least for Miss Demolines, or that he would take any steps with the intention of preventing the painting of the picture. Miss Demolines had some battle to fight, and he would leave her to fight it with her own weapons. If his friend chose to paint a picture of Jael, and take Miss Van Siever as a model, it was no business of his. Nevertheless he would certainly go and see Miss Demolines again, because, as he said, she was as good as a play.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PICTURE.

On that same afternoon Conway Dalrymple rolled up his sketch of Jael and Sisera, put it into his pocket, dressed himself with some considerable care, putting on a velvet coat which he was in the habit of wearing out of doors when he did not intend to wander beyond Kensington Gardens and the neighbourhood and which was supposed to become him well, yellow gloves, and a certain Spanish hat of which he was fond, and slowly sauntered across to the house of his friend Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. When the door was opened to him he did not ask if the lady were at home, but muttering some word to the servant, made his way through the hall, upstairs, to a certain small sitting-room looking to the north, which was much used by the mistress of the house. It was quite clear that Conway Dalrymple had arranged his visit beforehand, and that he was expected. He opened the door without knocking, and, though the servant had followed him, he entered without being announced. "I'm afraid I'm late," he said, as he gave his hand to Mrs. Broughton; "but for the life I could not get away sooner."

"You are quite in time," said the lady, "for any good that you are likely to do."

"What does that mean?"

"It means this, my friend, that you had better give the idea up. I have been thinking of it all day, and I do not approve of it."

"What nonsense!"

"Of course you will say so, Conway. I have observed of late that whatever I say to you is called nonsense. I suppose it is the new fashion that gentlemen should so express themselves, but I am not quite sure that I like it."

"You know what I mean. I am very anxious about this picture, and I shall be much disappointed if it cannot be done now. It was you put it into my head first."

"I regret it very much, I can assure you; but it will not be generous in you to urge that against me."

"But why shouldn't it succeed?"

"There are many reasons,—some personal to myself."

"I do not know what they can be. You hinted at something which I only took as having been said in joke."

"If you mean about Miss Van Siever and yourself, I was quite in earnest, Conway. I do not think you could do better, and I should be glad to see it of all things. Nothing would please me more than to bring Miss Van Siever and you together."

"And nothing would please me less."

"But why so?"

"Because,—because——. I can do nothing but tell you the truth, carina; because my heart is not free to present itself at Miss Van Siever's feet."

"It ought to be free, Conway, and you must make it free. It will be well that you should be married, and well for others besides yourself. I tell you so as your friend, and you have no truer friend. Sit where you are, if you please. You can say anything you have to say without stalking about the room."

"I was not going to stalk,—as you call it."

"You will be safer and quieter while you are sitting. I heard a knock at the door, and I do not doubt that it is Clara. She said she would be here."

"And you have told her of the picture?"

"Yes; I have told her. She said that it would be impossible, and that her mother would not allow it. Here she is." Then Miss Van Siever was shown into the room, and Dalrymple perceived that she was a girl the peculiarity of whose complexion bore daylight better even than candlelight. There was something in her countenance which seemed to declare that she could bear any light to which it might be subjected without flinching from it. And her bonnet, which was very plain, and her simple brown morning gown, suited her well. She was one who required none of the circumstances of studied dress to carry off aught in her own appearance. She could look her best when other women look their worst, and could dare to be seen at all times. Dalrymple, with an artist's eye, saw this at once, and immediately confessed to himself that there was something great about her. He could not deny her beauty. But there was ever present to him that look of hardness which had struck him when he first saw her. He could not but fancy that though at times she might be playful, and allow the fur of her coat to be stroked with good-humour,—she would be a dangerous plaything, using her claws unpleasantly when the good-humour should have passed away. But not the less was she beautiful, and—beyond that and better than that, for his purpose,—she was picturesque.

"Clara," said Mrs. Broughton, "here is this mad painter, and he says that he will have you on his canvas, either with your will or without it."

"Even if he could do that, I am sure he would not," said Miss Van Siever.

"To prove to you that I can, I think I need only show you the sketch," said Dalrymple, taking the drawing out of his pocket. "As regards the face, I know it so well by heart already, that I feel certain I could produce a likeness without even a sitting. What do you think of it, Mrs. Broughton?"

"It is clever," said she, looking at it with all that enthusiasm which women are able to throw into their eyes on such occasions; "very clever. The subject would just suit her. I have never doubted that."

"Eames says that it is confused," said the artist.

"I don't see that at all," said Mrs. Broughton.

"Of course a sketch must be rough. This one has been rubbed about and altered,—but I think there is something in it."

"An immense deal," said Mrs. Broughton. "Don't you think so, Clara?"

"I am not a judge."

"But you can see the woman's fixed purpose; and her stealthiness as well;—and the man sleeps like a log. What is that dim outline?"

"Nothing in particular," said Dalrymple. But the dim outline was intended to represent Mrs. Van Siever.

"It is very good,—unquestionably good," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. "I do not for a moment doubt that you would make a great picture of it. It is just the subject for you, Conway; so much imagination, and yet such a scope for portraiture. It would be full of action, and yet such perfect repose. And the lights and shadows would be exactly in your line. I can see at a glance how you would manage the light in the tent, and bring it down just on the nail. And then the pose of the woman would be so good, so much strength, and yet such grace! You should have the bowl he drank the milk out of, so as to tell the whole story. No painter living tells a story so well as you do, Conway." Conway Dalrymple knew that the woman was talking nonsense to him, and yet he liked it, and liked her for talking it.

"But Mr. Dalrymple can paint his Sisera without making me a Jael," said Miss Van Siever.

"Of course he can," said Mrs. Broughton.

"But I never will," said the artist. "I conceived the subject as connected with you, and I will never disjoin the two ideas."

"I think it no compliment, I can assure you," said Miss Van Siever.

"And none was intended. But you may observe that artists in all

ages have sought for higher types of models in painting women who have been violent or criminal, than have sufficed for them in their portraitures of gentleness and virtue. Look at all the Judiths, and the Lucretias, and the Charlotte Cordays; how much finer the women are than the Madonnas and the Saint Cecilias.

"After that, Clara, you need not scruple to be a Jael," said Mrs. Broughton.

"But I do scruple,—very much; so strongly that I know I never shall do it. In the first place I don't know why Mr. Dalrymple wants it."

"Want it!" said Conway. "I want to paint a striking picture."

"But you can do that without putting me into it."

"No;—not this picture. And why should you object? It is the commonest thing in the world for ladies to sit to artists in that manner."

"People would know it."

"Nobody would know it, so that you need care about it. What would it matter if everybody knew it? We are not proposing anything improper;—are we, Mrs. Broughton?"

"She shall not be pressed if she does not like it," said Mrs. Broughton. "You know I told you before Clara came in, that I was afraid it could not be done."

"And I don't like it," said Miss Van Siever, with some little hesitation in her voice.

"I don't see anything improper in it, if you mean that," said Mrs. Broughton.

"But, mamma!"

"Well, yes; that is the difficulty, no doubt. The only question is, whether your mother is not so very singular, as to make it impossible that you should comply with her in everything."

"I am afraid that I do not comply with her in very much," said Miss Van Siever in her gentlest voice.

"Oh, Clara!"

"You drive me to say so, as otherwise I should be a hypocrite. Of course I ought not to have said it before Mr. Dalrymple."

"You and Mr. Dalrymple will understand all about that, I daresay, before the picture is finished," said Mrs. Broughton.

It did not take much persuasion on the part of Conway Dalrymple to get the consent of the younger lady to be painted, or of the elder to allow the sitting to go on in her room. When the question of easels and other apparatus came to be considered Mrs. Broughton was rather flustered, and again declared with energy that the whole thing

must fall to the ground; but a few more words from the painter restored her, and at last the arrangements were made. As Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's dear friend, Madalina Demolines had said, Mrs. Dobbs Broughton liked a fevered existence. "What will Dobbs say?" she exclaimed more than once. And it was decided at last that Dobbs should know nothing about it as long as it could be kept from him. "Of course he shall be told at last," said his wife. "I wouldn't keep anything from the dear fellow for all the world. But if he knew it at first it would be sure to get through Musselboro to your mother."

"I certainly shall beg that Mr. Broughton may not be taken into confidence if Mr. Musselboro is to follow," said Clara. "And it must be understood that I must cease to sit immediately, whatever may be the inconvenience, should mamma speak to me about it."

This stipulation was made and conceded, and then Miss Van Siever went away, leaving the artist with Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. "And now, if you please, Conway, you had better go too," said the lady, as soon as there had been time for Miss Van Siever to get downstairs and out of the hall-door.

"Of course you are in a hurry to get rid of me."

"Yes, I am."

"A little while ago I improperly said that some suggestion of yours was nonsense and you rebuked me for my blunt incivility. Might not I rebuke you now with equal justice?"

"Do so, if you will;—but leave me. I tell you, Conway, that in these matters you must either be guided by me, or you and I must cease to see each other. It does not do that you should remain here with me longer than the time usually allowed for a morning call. Clara has come and gone, and you also must go. I am sorry to disturb you, for you seem to be so very comfortable in that chair."

"I am comfortable,—and I can look at you. Come;—there can be no harm in saying that, if I say nothing else. Well;—there, now I am gone." Whereupon he got up from his arm-chair."

"But you are not gone while you stand there."

"And you would really wish me to marry that girl?"

"I do,—if you can love her."

"And what about her love?"

"You must win it, of course. She is to be won, like any other woman. The fruit won't fall into your mouth merely because you open your lips. You must climb the tree."

"Still climbing trees in the Hesperides," said Conway. "Love does that, you know; but it is hard to climb the trees without the love.

It seems to me that I have done my climbing,—have clomb as high as I knew how, and that the boughs are breaking with me, and that I am likely to get a fall. Do you understand me?"

"I would rather not understand you."

"That is no answer to my question. Do you understand that at this moment I am getting a fall which will break every bone in my skin and put any other climbing out of the question as far as I am concerned? Do you understand that?"

"No; I do not," said Mrs. Broughton, in a tremulous voice.

"Then I'll go and make love at once to Clara Van Siever. There's enough of pluck left in me to ask her to marry me, and I suppose I could manage to go through the ceremony if she accepted me."

"But I want you to love her," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton.

"I daresay I should love her well enough after a bit;—that is, if she didn't break my head or comb my hair. I suppose there will be no objection to my saying that you sent me when I ask her?"

"Conway, you will of course not mention my name to her. I have suggested to you a marriage which I think would tend to make you happy, and would give you a stability in life which you want. It is perhaps better that I should be explicit at once. As an unmarried man I cannot continue to know you. You have said words of late which have driven me to this conclusion. I have thought about it much,—too much, perhaps, and I know that I am right. Miss Van Siever has beauty and wealth and intellect, and I think that she would appreciate the love of such a man as you are. Now go." And Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, standing upright, pointed to the door. Conway Dalrymple slowly took his Spanish hat from off the marble slab on which he had laid it, and left the room without saying a word. The interview had been quite long enough, and there was nothing else which he knew how to say with effect.

Croquet is a pretty game out of doors, and chess is delightful in a drawing-room. Battledoor and shuttlecock and hunt-the-slipper have also their attractions. Proverbs are good, and cross questions with crooked answers may be made very amusing. But none of these games are equal to the game of love-making,—providing that the players can be quite sure that there shall be no heart in the matter. Any touch of heart not only destroys the pleasure of the game, but makes the player awkward and incapable and robs him of his skill. And thus it is that there are many people who cannot play the game at all. A deficiency of some needed internal physical strength prevents the owners of the heart from keeping a proper control over its valves, and thus emotion

sets in, and the pulses are accelerated, and feeling supervenes. For such a one to attempt a game of love-making, is as though your friend with the gout should insist on playing croquet. A sense of the ridiculous, if nothing else, should in either case deter the afflicted one from the attempt. There was no such absurdity with our friend Mrs. Dobbs Broughton and Conway Dalrymple. Their valves and pulses were all right. They could play the game without the slightest danger of any inconvenient result;—of any inconvenient result, that is, as regarded their own feelings. Blind people cannot see and stupid people cannot understand,—and it might be that Mr. Dobbs Broughton, being both blind and stupid in such matters, might perceive something of the playing of the game and not know that it was only a game of skill.

When I say that as regarded these two lovers there was nothing of love between them, and that the game was therefore so far innocent, I would not be understood as asserting that these people had no hearts within their bosoms. Mrs. Dobbs Broughton probably loved her husband in a sensible, humdrum way, feeling him to be a bore, knowing him to be vulgar, aware that he often took a good deal more wine than was good for him, and that he was almost as uneducated as a hog. Yet she loved him, and showed her love by taking care that he should have things for dinner which he liked to eat. But in this alone there were to be found none of the charms of a fevered existence, and therefore Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, requiring those charms for her comfort, played her little game with Conway Dalrymple. And as regarded the artist himself, let no reader presume him to have been heartless because he flirted with Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. Doubtless he will marry some day, will have a large family for which he will work hard, and will make a good husband to some stout lady who will be careful in looking after his linen. But on the present occasion he fell into some slight trouble in spite of the innocence of his game. As he quitted his friend's room he heard the hall-door slammed heavily; then there was a quick step on the stairs, and on the landing-place above the first flight he met the master of the house, somewhat flurried, as it seemed, and not looking comfortable, either as regarded his person or his temper. "By George, he's been drinking!" Conway said to himself, after the first glance. Now it certainly was the case that poor Dobbs Broughton would sometimes drink at improper hours.

"What the devil are you doing here?" said Dobbs Broughton to his friend the artist. "You're always here. You're here a doosed sight more than I like." Husbands when they have been drinking are very apt to make mistakes as to the purport of the game.

"Why, Dobbs," said the painter, "there's something wrong with you."

"No, there ain't. There's nothing wrong; and if there was, what's that to you? I shan't ask you to pay anything for me, I suppose."

"Well;—I hope not."

"I won't have you here, and let that be an end of it. It's all very well when I choose to have a few friends to dinner, but my wife can do very well without your fal-lalling here all day. Will you remember that, if you please?"

Conway Dalrymple, knowing that he had better not argue any question with a drunken man, took himself out of the house, shrugging his shoulders as he thought of the misery which his poor dear playfellow would now be called upon to endure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A HERO AT HOME.

On the morning after his visit to Miss Demolines John Eames found himself at the Paddington station asking for a ticket for Guestwick, and as he picked up his change another gentleman also demanded a ticket for the same place. Had Guestwick been as Liverpool or Manchester, Eames would have thought nothing about it. It is a matter of course that men should always be going from London to Liverpool and Manchester; but it seemed odd to him that two men should want first-class tickets for so small a place as Guestwick at the same moment. And when, afterwards, he was placed by the guard in the same carriage with this other traveller, he could not but feel some little curiosity. The man was four or five years Johnny's senior, a good-looking fellow, with a pleasant face, and the outward appurtenances of a gentleman. The intelligent reader will no doubt be aware that the stranger was Major Grantly; but the intelligent reader has in this respect had much advantage over John Eames, who up to this time had never even heard of his cousin Grace Crawley's lover. "I think you were asking for a ticket for Guestwick," said Johnny;—whereupon the major owned that such was the case. "I lived at Guestwick the greater part of my life," said Johnny, "and it's the dullest, dearest little town in all England." "I never was there before," said the major, "and indeed I can hardly say I am going there now. I shall only pass through it." Then he got out his newspaper, and Johnny also got out his, and for a time there

was no conversation between them. John remembered how holy was the errand upon which he was intent, and gathered his thoughts together, resolving that having so great a matter on his mind he would think about nothing else and speak about nothing at all. He was going down to Allington to ask Lily Dale for the last time whether she would be his wife; to ascertain whether he was to be successful or unsuccessful in the one great wish of his life; and, as such was the case with him,—as he had in hand a thing so vital, it could be nothing to him whether the chance companion of his voyage was an agreeable or a disagreeable person. He himself, in any of the ordinary circumstances of life, was prone enough to talk with any one he might meet. He could have travelled for twelve hours together with an old lady, and could listen to her or make her listen to him without half an hour's interruption. But this journey was made on no ordinary occasion, and it behoved him to think of Lily. Therefore, after the first little almost necessary effort at civility, he fell back into gloomy silence. He was going to do his best to win Lily Dale, and this doing of his best would require all his thought and all his energy.

And probably Major Grantly's mind was bent in the same direction. He, too, had this work before him, and could not look upon his work as a thing that was altogether pleasant. He might probably get that which he was intent upon obtaining. He knew,—he almost knew,—that he had won the heart of the girl whom he was seeking. There had been that between him and her which justified him in supposing that he was dear to her, although no expression of affection had ever passed from her lips to his ears. Men may know all that they require to know on that subject without any plainly spoken words. Grace Crawley had spoken no word, and yet he had known,—at any rate had not doubted, that he could have the place in her heart of which he desired to be the master. She would never surrender herself altogether till she had taught herself to be sure of him to whom she gave herself. But she had listened to him with silence that had not rebuked him, and he had told himself that he might venture, without fear of that rebuke as to which the minds of some men are sensitive to a degree which other men cannot even understand. But for all this Major Grantly could not be altogether happy as to his mission. He would ask Grace Crawley to be his wife; but he would be ruined by his own success. And the remembrance that he would be severed from all his own family by the thing that he was doing, was very bitter to him. In generosity he might be silent about this to Grace, but who can endure to be silent on such a subject to the woman who is to be his

wife? And then it would not be possible for him to abstain from explanation. He was now following her down to Allington, a step which he certainly would not have taken but for the misfortune which had befallen her father, and he must explain to her in some sort why he did so. He must say to her,—if not in so many words, still almost as plainly as words could speak,—I am here now to ask you to be my wife, because you specially require the protection and countenance of the man who loves you, in the present circumstances of your father's affairs. He knew that he was doing right;—perhaps had some idea that he was doing nobly; but this very appreciation of his own good qualities made the task before him the more difficult.

Major Grantly had The Times, and John Eames had the Daily News, and they exchanged papers. One had the last Saturday, and the other the last Spectator, and they exchanged those also. Both had the Pall Mall Gazette, of which enterprising periodical they gradually came to discuss the merits and demerits, thus falling into conversation at last, in spite of the weight of the mission on which each of them was intent. Then, at last, when they were within half-an-hour of the end of their journey, Major Grantly asked his companion what was the best inn at Guestwick. He had at first been minded to go on to Allington at once,—to go on to Allington and get his work done, and then return home or remain there, or find the nearest inn with a decent bed, as circumstances might direct him. But on reconsideration, as he drew nearer to the scene of his future operations, he thought that it might be well for him to remain that night at Guestwick. He did not quite know how far Allington was from Guestwick, but he did know that it was still mid-winter, and that the days were very short. "The Magpie" was the best inn, Johnny said. Having lived at Guestwick all his life, and having a mother living there now, he had never himself put up at "The Magpie," but he believed it to be a good country inn. They kept post-horses there, he knew. He did not tell the stranger that his late old friend, Lord De Guest, and his present old friend, Lady Julia, always hired post-horses from "The Magpie," but he grounded his ready assertion on the remembrance of that fact. "I think I shall stay there to-night," said the major. "You'll find it pretty comfortable, I don't doubt," said Johnny. "Though, indeed, it always seems to me that a man alone at an inn has a very bad time of it. Reading is all very well, but one gets tired of it at last. And then I hate horse-hair chairs." "It isn't very delightful," said the major, "but beggars mustn't be choosers." Then there was a pause, after which the major spoke again. "You don't happen to know which way Allington lies?"

"Allington!" said Johnny.

"Yes, Allington. Is there not a village called Allington?"

"There is a village called Allington, certainly. It lies over there." And Johnny pointed with his finger through the window. "As you do not know the country you can see nothing, but I can see the Allington trees at this moment."

"I suppose there is no inn at Allington?"

"There's a public-house, with a very nice clean bedroom. It is called the 'Red Lion.' Mrs. Forrard keeps it. I would quite as soon stay there as at 'The Magpie.' Only if they don't expect you, they wouldn't have much for dinner."

"Then you know the village of Allington?"

"Yes, I know the village of Allington very well. I have friends living there. Indeed, I may say I know everybody in Allington."

"Do you know Mrs. Dale?"

"Mrs. Dale?" said Johnny. "Yes, I know Mrs. Dale. I have known Mrs. Dale pretty nearly all my life." Who could this man be who was going down to see Mrs. Dale,—Mrs. Dale, and consequently, Lily Dale? He thought that he knew Mrs. Dale so well, that she could have no visitor of whom he would not be entitled to have some knowledge. But Major Grantly had nothing more to say at the moment about Mrs. Dale. He had never seen Mrs. Dale in his life, and was now going to her house, not to see her, but a friend of hers. He found that he could not very well explain this to a stranger, and therefore at the moment he said nothing further. But Johnny would not allow the subject to be dropped. "Have you known Mrs. Dale long?" he asked.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing her at all," said the major.

"I thought, perhaps, by your asking after her——"

"I intend to call upon her, that is all. I suppose they will have an omnibus here from 'The Magpie?'" Eames said that there no doubt would be an omnibus from "The Magpie," and then they were at their journey's end.

For the present we will follow John Eames, who went at once to his mother's house. It was his intention to remain there for two or three days, and then go over to the house, or rather to the cottage, of his great ally Lady Julia, which lay just beyond Guestwick Manor, and somewhat nearer to Allington than to the town of Guestwick. He had made up his mind that he would not himself go over to Allington till he could do so from Guestwick Cottage, as it was called, feeling that, under certain untoward circumstances, — should untoward circumstances arise,—Lady Julia's sympathy might be more endurable than

that of his mother. But he would take care that it should be known at Allington that he was in the neighbourhood. He understood the necessary strategy of his campaign too well to suppose that he could startle Lily into acquiescence.

With his own mother and sister, John Eames was in these days quite a hero. He was a hero with them now, because in his early boyish days there had been so little about him that was heroic. Then there had been a doubt whether he would ever earn his daily bread, and he had been a very heavy burden on the slight family resources in the matter of jackets and trousers. The pride taken in our Johnny had not been great, though the love felt for him had been warm. But gradually things had changed, and John Eames had become heroic in his mother's eyes. A chance circumstance had endeared him to Earl De Guest, and from that moment things had gone well with him. The earl had given him a watch and had left him a fortune, and Sir Raffle Buffle had made him a private secretary. In the old days, when Johnny's love for Lily Dale was first discussed by his mother and sister, they had thought it impossible that Lily should ever bring herself to regard with affection so humble a suitor;—for the Dales have ever held their heads up in the world. But now there is no misgiving on that score with Mrs. Eames and her daughter. Their wonder is that Lily Dale should be such a fool as to decline the love of such a man. So Johnny was received with the respect due to a hero, as well as with the affection belonging to a son;—by which I mean it to be inferred that Mrs. Eames had got a little bit of fish for dinner as well as a leg of mutton.

"A man came down in the train with me who says he is going over to Allington," said Johnny. "I wonder who he can be. He is staying at 'The Magpie.'"

"A friend of Captain Dale's, probably," said Mary. Captain Dale was the squire's nephew and his heir.

"But this man was not going to the squire's. He was going to the Small House."

"Is he going to stay there?"

"I suppose not, as he asked about the inn." Then Johnny reflected that the man might probably be a friend of Crosbie's, and became melancholy in consequence. Crosbie might have thought it expedient to send an ambassador down to prepare the ground for him before he should venture again upon the scene himself. If it were so, would it not be well that he, John Eames, should get over to Lily as soon as possible, and not wait till he should be staying with Lady Julia?

It was at any rate incumbent upon him to call upon Lady Julia the next morning, because of his commission. The Berlin wool might remain in his portmanteau till his portmanteau should go with him to the cottage; but he would take the spectacles at once, and he must explain to Lady Julia what the lawyers had told him about the income. So he hired a saddle-horse from "The Magpie" and started after breakfast on the morning after his arrival. In his unheroic days he would have walked,—as he had done, scores of times, over the whole distance from Guestwick to Allington. But now, in these grander days, he thought about his boots and the mud, and the formal appearance of the thing. "Ah dear," he said, to himself, as the nag walked slowly out of the town, "it used to be better with me in the old days. I hardly hoped that she would ever accept me, but at least she had never refused me. And then that brute had not as yet made his way down to Allington!"

He did not go very fast. After leaving the town he trotted on for a mile or so. But when he got to the palings of Guestwick Manor he let the animal walk again, and his mind ran back over the incidents of his life which were connected with the place. He remembered a certain long ramble which he had taken in those woods after Lily had refused him. That had been subsequent to the Crosbie episode in his life, and Johnny had been led to hope by certain of his friends,—especially by Lord De Guest and his sister,—that he might then be successful. But he had been unsuccessful, and had passed the bitterest hour of his life wandering about in those woods. Since that he had been unsuccessful again and again; but the bitterness of failure had not been so strong with him as on that first occasion. He would try again now, and if he failed, he would fail for the last time. As he was thinking of all this, a gig overtook him on the road, and on looking round he saw that the occupant of the gig was the man who had travelled with him on the previous day in the train. Major Grantly was alone in the gig, and as he recognized John Eames he stopped his horse. "Are you also going to Allington?" he asked. John Eames, with something of scorn in his voice, replied that he had no intention of going to Allington on that day. He still thought that this man might be an emissary from Crosbie, and therefore resolved that but scant courtesy was due to him. "I am on my way there now," said Grantly, "and am going to the house of your friend. May I tell her that I travelled with you yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny. "You may tell her that you came down with John Eames."

"And are you John Eames?" asked the major.

"If you have no objection," said Johnny. "But I can hardly suppose you have ever heard my name before?"

"It is familiar to me, because I have the pleasure of knowing a cousin of yours, Miss Grace Crawley."

"My cousin is at present staying at Allington with Mrs. Dale," said Johnny.

"Just so," said the major, who now began to reflect that he had been indiscreet in mentioning Grace Crawley's name. No doubt every one connected with the family, all the Crawleys, all the Dales, and all the Eames's, would soon know the business which had brought him down to Allington; but he need not have taken the trouble of beginning the story against himself. John Eames, in truth, had never even heard Major Grantly's name, and was quite unaware of the fortune which awaited his cousin. Even after what he had now been told, he still suspected the stranger of being an emissary from his enemy; but the major, not giving him credit for his ignorance, was annoyed with himself for having told so much of his own history. "I will tell the ladies that I had the pleasure of meeting you," he said; "that is, if I am lucky enough to see them." And then he drove on.

"I know I should hate that fellow if I were to meet him anywhere again," said Johnny to himself as he rode on. "When I take an aversion to a fellow at first sight, I always stick to it. It's instinct, I suppose." And he was still giving himself credit for the strength of his instincts when he reached Lady Julia's cottage. He rode at once into the stable-yard, with the privilege of an accustomed friend of the house, and having given up his horse, entered the cottage by the back door. "Is my lady at home, Jemima?" he said to the maid.

"Yes, Mr. John; she is in the drawing-room, and friends of yours are with her." Then he was announced, and found himself in the presence of Lady Julia, Lily Dale, and Grace Crawley.

He was very warmly received. Lady Julia really loved him dearly, and would have done anything in her power to bring about a match between him and Lily. Grace was his cousin, and though she had not seen him often, she was prepared to love him dearly as Lily's lover. And Lily,—Lily loved him dearly too,—if only she could have brought herself to love him as he wished to be loved! To all of them Johnny Eames was something of a hero. At any rate in the eyes of all of them he possessed those virtues which seemed to them to justify them in petting him and making much of him.

"I am so glad you've come,—that is, if you've brought my spectacles," said Lady Julia.

"My pockets are crammed with spectacles," said Johnny.

"And when are you coming to me?"

"I was thinking of Tuesday."

"No; don't come till Wednesday. But I mean Monday. No; Monday won't do. Come on Tuesday,—early, and drive me out. And now tell us the news."

Johnny swore that there was no news. He made a brave attempt to be gay and easy before Lily; but he failed, and he knew that he failed,—and he knew that she knew that he failed. "Mamma will be so glad to see you," said Lily. "I suppose you haven't seen Bell yet?"

"I only got to Guestwick yesterday afternoon," said he.

"And it will be so nice our having Grace at the Small House;—won't it? Uncle Christopher has quite taken a passion for Grace,—so that I am hardly anybody now in the Allington world."

"By-the-by," said Johnny, "I came down here with a friend of yours, Grace."

"A friend of mine?" said Grace.

"So he says, and he is at Allington at this moment. He passed me in a gig going there."

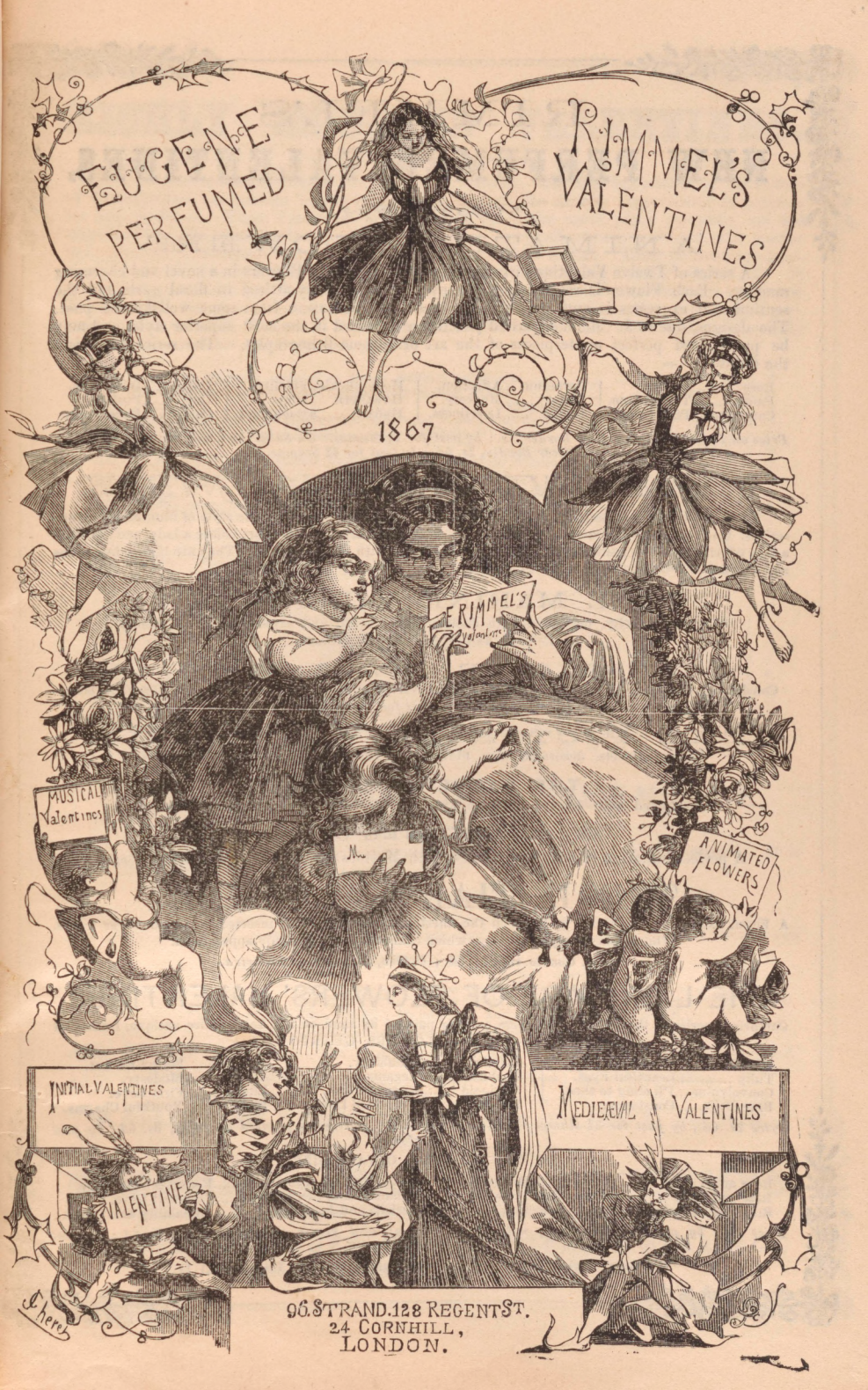
"And what was his name?" Lily asked.

"I have not the remotest idea," said Johnny. "He is a man about my own age, very good-looking, and apparently very well able to take care of himself. He is short-sighted, and holds a glass in one eye when he looks out of a carriage-window. That's all that I know about him."

Grace Crawley's face had become suffused with blushes at the first mention of the friend and the gig; but then Grace blushed very easily. Lily knew all about it at once;—at once divined who must be the friend in the gig, and was almost beside herself with joy. Lady Julia, who had heard no more of the major than had Johnny, was still clever enough to perceive that the friend must be a particular friend,—for she had noticed Miss Crawley's blushes. And Grace herself had no doubt as to the man. The picture of her lover, with the glass in his eye as he looked out of the window, had been too perfect to admit of a doubt. In her distress she put out her hand and took hold of Lily's dress.

"And you say he is at Allington now?" said Lily.

"I have no doubt he is at the Small House at this moment," said Johnny.


EUGENE RIMMEL'S
PERFUMED VALENTINES
1867
RIMMEL'S Valentines
MUSICAL Valentines
ANIMATED FLOWERS
INITIAL VALENTINES
MEDIÆVAL VALENTINES
VALENTINE
96. STRAND. 128 REGENT ST.
24 CORNHILL,
LONDON.

RIMMEL'S
NEW PERFUMED VALENTINES.

ANIMATED FLOWERS.

A series of Twelve Valentines, illustrating the Language of Flowers in a novel and charming manner. Each Flower is represented by a nymph coquettishly attired in floral garb, and the sentiment it expresses is appropriately conveyed by a quotation from some well-known poet. The designs, due to J. Chéret's spirited pencil, are executed in the most superior style, and may be pronounced perfect masterpieces of the art of chromo-lithography. The series comprises the following:—

Rose .....Beauty.	Geranium ...Affection.	Honeysuckle..Fidelity.	Daisy .....Innocence.
Pansy.....Think of me.	Violet .....Modesty.	Hawthorn ...Hope.	Lily.....Purity.
Carnation ...Pure Love.	Dahlia .....Loveliness.	Holly .....Attachment.	Camelia ...Excellence.

Price on Paper, with neat Lace Border, 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps. On Satin (by a new process), with rich Silver Border, 2s. 6d.; by post for 32 Stamps.

RIMMEL'S MEDIÆVAL VALENTINES.

These, which are also designed by J. Chéret, consist of two subjects, after the style of illuminated manuscripts. One represents a gentleman in quaint mediæval costume, laying his heart before a lady, and the other a lady offering hers to a gentleman, the whole accompanied with suitable verses. They are highly humorous and original.—*Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.*

THE MARINE VALENTINE.

A pretty Novelty, decorated with shells, pearls, coral, and other marine ornaments.
Price 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by post 2d. extra.

THE CHARM VALENTINE

Consists of a Golden Charm, fixed on a scented velvet cushion, and enclosed in an elegant box.
Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.

THE PICTORIAL VALENTINE.

Pretty subjects, decorated with Flowers.—*Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.*

THE SACHET VALENTINE.

Perfumed with Twelve different Flowers.—*Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.*

ST. VALENTINE'S GLOVES.

A perfect imitation of a Pair of Gloves, with Mottoes inside. *1s., by post 14 Stamps.*

THE INITIAL VALENTINE.

A Floral Letter neatly painted by hand on the finest moire antique, and inserted in a rich silver frame. This is an entirely novel idea, which cannot fail of being duly appreciated.

Price, Quarto size, 2s. 6d.; Octavo, 5s.; by post 2d. extra.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS' VALENTINES

Comprise a series of the following Flowers, prettily painted by hand on the finest moire antique, framed in Silver Lace:—SINGLE FLOWERS, QUARTO SIZE—

Moss Rose.....True Love.	Jasmine.....Amiability.	Myosotis ...Forget me not.
Tulip .....Beautiful Eyes.	Fuchsia .....Elegance.	Violet .....Modesty.
Convolvulus ...I'll cling to thee.	Marigold .....Superior Mind.	Lilac .....First Love.
Blue Bells.....Constancy.	Eglantine .....Long-tried Love.	Pink .....Youthful Charms.

Price 2s. 6d., by post for 32 stamps; with double fly-leaf, and verses printed on satin, 3s. 6d., by post for 45 stamps.

DOUBLE FLOWERS, OCTAVO SIZE.

Rose and Violet.....Beauty and Modesty.	Moss Rose and Myosotis .....Forget me not, love.
Rose and Lilac .....Beauty and Love.	Eglantine and Convolvulus.....Constant Love.
Rose and Convolvulus...Ties of Affection.	Fuchsia and Jasmine .....Amiability and Grace.

Price 5s.; by post for 62 stamps; with double fly-leaf, and verses printed on satin, 7s. 6d.; by post for 93 stamps.

The same style, larger, with elegant frames 10s. 6d.. 15s., and £1 1s.

RICHLY MOUNTED VALENTINES.

THE immense success obtained last year by E. RIMMEL, with this innovation in the realms of Valentinedom has induced him to improve and increase the already large variety of patterns he had produced. These Valentines are not made up of the usual paper materials, but are mounted with silk, chenille, blonde, feathers, etc., and, being all sweetly perfumed, will answer the purpose of a handsome and lasting Glove or Handkerchief Sachet. Many of them are ornamented with articles of jewellery, or rich bottles and fans, thus forming a really valuable gift. It would be impossible to give here a complete list of the many different sorts which are comprised in this series, but the following description will suffice to enable those who cannot pay a personal visit to one of E. RIMMEL'S Establishments, to send their orders, which will be punctually attended to.—*Number and Price to be quoted.*

No.		£	s.	d.
263	BIRD AND FLOWER, *painted on Moire Antique, small size*	0	6	0
257	FLOWERS, *painted on Satin, Lace and Marabout Frame*	0	8	0
252	,, ,, ,, ,, *larger size*	0	10	6
211	ELEGANT BOUQUET OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, *mounted on Satin*	0	10	6
232	DOG, *painted on Moire Antique—motto, "Fidelity."*	0	12	6
240	,, ,, ,, ,, *larger size*	1	1	0
246	BIRDS AND NEST, *painted on Satin, Lace and Marabout Frame*...	0	16	0
231	FLOWERS, *painted on Silk, rich Lace, and Marabout Frame*	1	1	0
217	,, ,, *Moire Antique, rich Gold Card, and Marabout Frame*	1	11	6
205	EXOTIC BIRD (STUFFED) AMONG FLOWERS, *mounted on Satin*	1	1	0
205*a*	,, ,, *carrying a Gold Ring (lady's or gentleman's)*	1	11	6
205*b*	,, ,, *carrying a rich Jewelled Ring*	3	3	0
25	DOVE, *carrying a letter, painted on Moire Antique*...	1	11	6
223	DOVES IN NEST AMONG FLOWERS, *painted on Moire Antique*	1	11	6
101	FLORAL EAR-RINGS AND BROOCH, *mounted on Satin*	0	12	6
102	COMPLETE FLORAL PARURE ,, ...	1	4	0
103	SPRING GILT BOUQUET HOLDER & FLOWERS ,, ...	1	11	6
104	DOUBLE SMELLING BOTTLE, *small* ,, ...	1	1	0
105	,, ,, *medium* ,, ...	2	2	0
106	,, ,, *large* ,, ...	3	3	0
107	,, ,, *Jewelled Top* ,, ...	5	5	0
108	,, ,, *real Gold Top* ,, ...	8	8	0
109	SPANGLED SILK FAN ,, ...	1	1	0
110	PAINTED ,, ,, ...	2	2	0
112	PEARL-HANDLED ,, *with Painting* ,, ...	4	4	0
114	REAL LACE ,, ,, ...	6	6	0
116	RICH LACE AND MOIRE ANTIQUE ,, ,, ...	10	10	0

RIMMEL'S MUSICAL VALENTINE,

THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

This Valentine, by an ingenious mechanism, plays a tune as soon as it is opened. It is richly decorated, and forms a most *recherché* present.

Price—No. 1, £1 15*s.*; *No.* 2, £2 2*s.*; *No.* 3, £2 12*s.* 6*d.*; *No.* 4, £3 3*s.*

The Paintings are all done by first-rate Artists, and the Birds are of the rarest species and handsomest plumage.

ORDINARY PERFUMED VALENTINES,

6*d.*, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, and 5*s.*; *by post* 2*d. extra.*

ALL ORDERS BY POST TO BE ACCOMPANIED WITH A REMITTANCE.

Postage—1*s.*, *under half-a-guinea*; 2*s.*, *under a guinea*; 3*s.*, *above a guinea.*

96, STRAND; 128, REGENT STREET; & 24, CORNHILL; LONDON;

WHERE MAY ALSO BE OBTAINED

RIMMEL'S BOOK OF PERFUMES,

With above 250 Illustrations, 8vo. cloth, gilt, and lettered. Price 5*s.*, by Post for 68 Stamps.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED AND ILLUMINATED ALMANACK,

(Designed by E. de Beaumont). Price 6*d.*, by Post for 7 Stamps.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These Valentines, though issued to meet special demands on a special occasion, are really works of art."—*Art Journal.*

"The Valentines of Mr. Rimmel take a thousand useful and fragrant forms, and are acceptable as presents quite irrespectively of the peculiar interest which is supposed to attach to such offerings when presented on the festival of Saint Valentine."—*Morning Post.*

"Rimmel's Perfumed Valentines are very tasteful productions."—*Court Journal.*

"Mr. Rimmel has published a series of Valentines most elegantly got up, and of thoroughly novel design. Very skilfully, all the best-known flowers are made to bloom into beautiful damsels."—*Morning Star.*

"Rimmel's Valentines are perfectly original, and will win admiration from all the fair to whom they may be presented."—*News of the World.*

"Nothing can be more novel and effective than the Valentines just produced by Mr. Rimmel, of the Strand and Regent Street. Pretty birds, bearing love messages and warbling in scented bowers; splendid bouquets of perfumed flowers, resting on silk cushions, and framed with lace and feathers; Cupids holding valuable rings and lockets; doves with collars of real gems; and numerous other tasteful devices, all laid out in brilliant array; and hard-hearted must be the swain who can resist the temptation of offering such a sweet token of his affection to his lady-love."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"Mr. Rimmel has just brought out a series of splendid Valentines, which are quite different from the hackneyed style ordinarily noticeable in these tokens of affection."—*Sun.*

"They are, as a whole, the most novel and *recherché* articles of the kind ever produced."—*Globe.*

"The 'Animated Flowers' Valentines, published this year by Mr. Rimmel, are beautiful—especially those printed by a new process on white satin; they are so rich and soft in tone. The devices are skilfully drawn and coloured. Each flower is made to compose the skirt of a fay—a pretty female form; and around her is a wreath composed of the flower she represents. The words are selected from known poets."—*Queen.*

"The designs of the series are charming."—*Young Ladies' Journal.*

"I have had my Valentine! an elegantly scented one from Rimmel, with a really artistic design of a fairy clad in a flower—the green calix being the body of the dress, and the petals forming the skirt."—*Fun.*

EUGENE RIMMEL,

PERFUMER BY APPOINTMENT

To their Majesties the Emperor of the French, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of the Netherlands, the King of Portugal; and to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

96, Strand; 128, Regent Street; and 24, Cornhill; LONDON.

17, Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS.

Premiums to Retail Purchasers above Five Shillings until 15th of February.

PERFUMED PROGRAMMES, FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, PRIVATE THEATRICALS, &c.

TERMS SENT ON APPLICATION.

STEPHEN AUSTIN, PRINTER, HERTFORD.

LUCIFER MATCHES.

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.

BRYANT and MAY'S PATENT SPECIAL SAFETY MATCHES which are not POISONOUS, and LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX, may be obtained through any respectable Grocer, Chemist, Chandler, Ironmonger, or Stationer in the neighbourhood.

SERVANTS, when ordered to procure the PATENT SAFETY MATCHES, frequently purchase the common dangerous kinds instead, as they prefer matches that will light on a WALL OR CHIMNEYPIECE, and that may be left about in any convenient place, or carried loose in a candlestick, or in the pocket, to those that are USELESS WITHOUT THE BOX.

HEALTH.—The Workpeople engaged in manufacturing the PATENT SAFETY MATCHES are entirely free from the sad consequences (Necrosis—or decay of the bones) which attend the production of the common dangerous Phosphoric Match.

The Royal Commissioners for the International Exhibitions, London, 1862, and Dublin 1865, in recognition of the great importance of the invention, awarded to BRYANT and MAY THE ONLY PRIZE MEDALS granted for this article of commerce in the United Kingdom.

BRYANT and MAY have considerable satisfaction in giving the following extracts from a somewhat lengthy report, as impartial evidence of the importance of their Patent Safety Matches, in a sanitary point of view.

THE COMMISSIONERS REPORT TO PARLIAMENT ON THE
PATENT SAFETY MATCH WORKS, FAIRFIELD, BOW, LONDON.

"These are spacious and airy Works with much open ground all around, forming part of the premises; there is nothing unpleasant or objectionable here. The manufacture carried on differs from that of other places. . . . . All the processes are conducted in a long building, cut into compartments by wire caging; the building is of one storey, broad and high, open to the slate roof which rests on iron girders.

"Part of the manufacture consists in painting a composition upon the Match Box. This is done by young women and girls, who are provided with large strong leather aprons to protect their dresses. When a child has finished a frame or piece of work, she takes it, receives a counter in exchange, and brings her counter at the end of the day, in order to prevent any mistake in payment.

"*Altogether this seems a very nicely conducted place.* The children appear very happy and comfortable, and seem, *without exception*, much to prefer their employment here to that in other Lucifer manufactories."

S10